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THE NEW RECEIVING-HOUSE OF THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY, HYDE PARK.

The Royal Humane Society, for the recovery of persons apparently drowned or dead, has extended its useful exertions through upwards of sixty years. It was founded in 1774, by Drs. Goldsmith, Heberden, Towers, Lettsom, Hawes, and Cogan; but principally by the exertions of the last three gentlemen. The annual reports of the Society, from its institution till 1780, were prepared by Dr. Cogan; from 1780 to 1808, by Dr. Hawes; and from 1808 to 1813, by Dr. Lettsom. The Society offers rewards and medals for exertions in saving lives; the number of cases in which successful exertions have been made amount to more than 5,000; and the number of claimants rewarded, to upwards of 20,000. Similar institutions have been established in other parts of Great Britain, in our colonies, and elsewhere.

The Society has eighteen receiving-houses in the metropolis. The principal house was erected in the year 1794, on the north bank of the Serpentine, in Hyde Park, upon a piece of ground presented to the Institution by George III., and subsequently extended by his present Majesty, the Patron. The fitness of this site is attested by the number of persons resorting to the Serpentine in the

bathing and skating seasons, and consequently, the number of accidents occurring there. Indeed, it is stated that not less than 200,000 persons, on an average, annually bathe in the river, and the neighbourhood of the receiving-house: and, on one occasion, during a frost, twenty-five individuals were submerged by the breaking of the ice; but, by the exertions of men, (who are required to be good swimmers,) employed by the Society at such seasons, and the proximity of the receiving-house, no life was lost.

The house built in 1794 was taken down in the course of last year, and the foundation-stone of the present building was laid by his Grace the Duke of Wellington. It is a neat structure, of fine brick, fronted and finished with Bath and Portland stone. The front has pilasters at the angles, and a neat entablature, which is surmounted by the Royal Arms upon a pedestal. Over the entrance is a pediment supported by two fluted Ionic columns and pilasters; upon the entablature is inscribed "Royal Humane Society's Receiving-house." The door-case is tastefully enriched: over it is sculptured in stone a fac-simile of the Society's medal

encircled with a wreath: the design being a boy endeavouring to re-kindle an almost extinct torch by blowing it; and the motto being "Lateat scintilla forsan;"—"Perchance a spark may be concealed."

The interior of the receiving-house consists of an entrance-hall, with a room for medical attendants on the left, and waiting-room on the right; parallel with which are two separate wards for the reception of male and female patients. Each contains beds warmed with hot water, a bath,* and a hot-water, metal-topped table for heating flannels, bricks, &c.; the supply of water being by pipes around the walls and beneath the floor of the rooms. Next are a kitchen and two sleeping-rooms, for the residence of the superintendent and his family: adjoining is the furnace for heating water, planned by Messrs. Simpson and Thompson, engineers of the Chelsea Water-works. In the roof of the building are two cisterns for cold and one for hot water. In the rear is a detached shed, in which are kept boats, ladders, ropes, and poles; wicker boats are likewise in constant readiness. In short, the whole of the arrangements are upon the most complete scale: the medical assistants of the Institution reside near the spot; and the superintendent supplies the furnace from daybreak till eleven o'clock at night; so that a hot water bath can be made ready for use in a minute. Lastly, the committee consider this receiving-house a model for all other institutions of the same kind.

This unique building has been erected from the design of J. B. Bunning, Esq., architect, who is a member of the committee, and has, upon this occasion, generously relinquished all claim on the Society for his professional services. The design being selected under the disguise of a motto.

The cost of the building has been 2,010*l. 6s.* to meet which has been raised 1,362*l. 5s. 6d.*; but, in order that the general funds of the Society may not be encroached on, there is required to meet the contract 648*l. 6d.* for which purpose subscriptions will be thankfully received by Mr. Berkley Westropp, the active secretary of the Society. We think such a sum will not long remain unsubscribed, when the philanthropic object to which it is to be applied, is duly considered by the humane public.

The prefixed Engraving is from a sketch by a Correspondent. In the front is a boathouse, and another building for the Society's use.

* An improvement in the construction of these baths, suggested by the experience of the superintendent, merits notice. It consists in a hollowed space in one end to receive the head of the person in the bath, so as to prevent that sensation of cramp which is often experienced from the ordinary slope of the bath.

VENICE AS IT WAS.

INTERIOR OF THE BRIDGE OF SIGHTS.

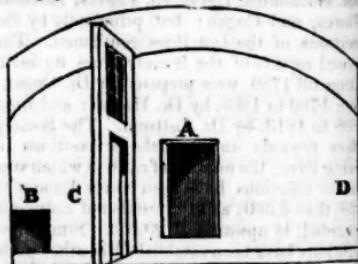
WHILE Venice flourished—as long as the Secret Tribunal of the Three held its awful sway over the republic—the gloom of mystery and terror hung over the Bridge of Sighs; and the gondolieri, as they shot their light barks beneath its lofty arch, shuddered and crossed themselves. But now that the reign of terror has ceased, the secrets of this mysterious passage, unknown to any but the jailers, (whose secrecy was bound by fear of certain and instant death,) are exposed to the curious gaze of every visitant of Venice.[†]

The Bridge of Sighs unites the Ducal Palace with the common prisons—a curious specimen of the deep craftsmanship of St. Mark.[‡]

The bridge is divided into two distinct passages, each leading from the common prison, and being secured at the entrance by strong iron doors, now bricked up; and each passage being lighted by two windows looking out upon the canal. An iron door forms a communication between the two divisions of the bridge, as a reference to the accompanying sketches will explain. In each of these passages, beyond the door of communication is another door, crossing the passage, and dividing it into two separate apartments—a greater means of security in the conducting of prisoners.

One passage is terminated by a small flight of steps, leading to a door on the partition side of the passage, which opens upon a small lobby to the magistrates' room. By this were conducted prisoners whose offences were slight, and whose punishments could be but temporary; while it served to conceal the other more important passage, which formed,

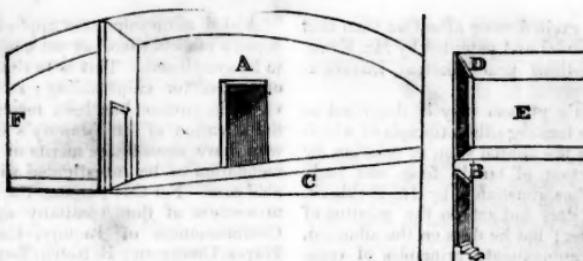
SECTION OF THE BRIDGE OF SIGHTS.
Passage for Prisoners convicted of smaller offences.



- A. Door of communication with the other passage.
- B. Door leading to the magistrates' room in the Ducal Palace.
- C. Elevation of the floor of the other passage.
- D. Here is a door now bricked up, leading from the Common Prisons.

[†] The usual *giro* of the Palace and its curiosities does not include the Bridge of Sighs; but the key may always be procured upon application at the Tribunal of Justice, where it is kept.

[‡] Engraved in the Mirror, vol. vi. p. 433.



"Passage for the Prisoners of State and the Inquisition."

- A. Door of communication with other passage.
- B. The door of the other passage leading to magistrates' room.
- C. Elevation of the floor.
- D. Door of the passage opening upon the passage.
- E. Which leads to the chambers of the Council of Three and the Inquisition, and also to the dungeons.
- F. Door leading from Common Prisons, also bricked up.

in fact, the real *Ponte di Sospiri*. Through this second passage were led the victims of the Three and of the Inquisition. Beyond the door which divides this passage, the floor rises to another door, which is exactly over the outlet to the adjoining division of the bridge: it opens upon a secret passage, leading to the tribunal of the Three and the Inquisition, and also to the dungeons; and was unknown to any but the jailers.

Could any thing be more artfully contrived? It was known that there was somewhere a secret passage from the prisons—was it in the Bridge of Sights? There could be no other; but the common criminals having passed the bridge, there was nothing terrible or mysterious: it merely led them to the magistrates' room; being blindfolded, they could not, of course, observe the door of communication, (the exact use of which I cannot comprehend,) or that there were only two windows on one side of the Bridge. They had certainly passed the Bridge of Sights: they could not have been deceived. They could not see, it was true; but the light splash of oars had reached their ear, with the mingled murmur of groups crowding upon the quay. They had been examined and punished, perhaps; but there was nothing horrible. Still, however, tradition whispered many a tale of horror. The black, mysterious bark shot at midnight through the moonbeam, as it smiled upon the gambols of the infant wave: it stopped—hark! a struggle—a gasp—a heavy splash—and all again was still.

It was all mystery; the purpose of St. Mark was answered. St. Mark was impenetrable; and, cloaked in mystery, still wrote its annals in blood.

It is always told with a shudder, on the part of the relater, that those who passed the bridge never returned: probably so; still it does not follow that it always led to death. The common prisoners, as we have seen, escaped; and, not unfrequently, the gondola glided up to the water-gate of the palace to

receive some happy being, who, having escaped drowning, guillotining, and strangulation, was conducted blindfold, and set free in some distant quarter of the city.

Terrible as such mysterious and summary execution of justice must have been, still, the Venetian *populace* was happy. The writer of this has been assured by a member of the most learned convent at Venice, (one who knew it as a republic,) that no people could be more happy than the Venetians: taxes were light; justice (*i. e.* public justice) was administered with impartiality; their grievances were always listened to with attention by St. Mark, and readily redressed. On the proud nobles alone, (save when curiosity or presumption drew down the displeasure of St. Mark,) frowned the terrors of the public: but it was the dragon gnawing its own bowels.

E.C.

Spirit of Discovery.

MR. KYAN'S PATENT PROCESS FOR PREVENTING DRY ROT.

Dry Rot is a term applied to the decay of timber, when it has the appearance of being tolerably dry, but soon becomes useless by losing its elasticity and toughness, and its resistance of any considerable pressure. By this decay or disease, in ships, houses, or other structures of wood, such has been the magnitude of the losses, as to have excited almost universal search after a remedy.* Various plans and processes have from time to time been experimented; but none, we

* There has been much dispute respecting the cause of dry rot, so that it is not surprising to hear of so many suggested remedies. We remember a quarto volume being published on the subject, sixteen or seventeen years since, the order of which for a country book-society raised a laugh at the expense of the member who recommended the enterprising big book. By the way, Mr. Waterton, in his usual, straightforward manner, says: "Dry rot is a misnomer. This disease in timber ought to be designated a decomposition of the wood by its own internal juices, which have become vitiated for want of a free circulation of air."—See *Architectural Magazine*, No. xviii.

believe, has excited more attention than that recently proposed and patented by Mr. Kyan, after twenty-three years' patient investigations.

Mr. Kyan's process may be described as analogous to tanning; the principle of which is preserving the animal skin, or gelatine, by the introduction of tannin from oak bark. "It is true," as illustrated by Dr. Birkbeck, "Mr. Kyan does not act on the gelatine of animal matter; but he does on the albumen, one of the approximate principles of vegetable matter."

Mr. Kyan was led to the present experiment by having, as he conceived, ascertained that *albumen*, was the primary cause of putrefactive fermentation, and, subsequently, of the decomposition of vegetable matter. Aware of the established affinity of corrosive sublimate for this material, he applied that substance to solutions of vegetable matter, so as to preserve them incorruptible; and finding them unchanged by time, he concluded that corrosive sublimate, by combination with albumen, was a protection against the natural changes of vegetable matter; in short, that as tannin preserved animal, so the corrosive sublimate would preserve vegetable, matter.

The purposes to which the process is applicable are, preventing dry rot, seasoning timber, protecting from insects, preserving canvass, cordage, &c. from mildew. It is especially applicable to Canada timber, which is much more liable to decay than that grown in the northern parts of Europe; as well as to timber of British growth, particularly to that of Scotland, much of which is of little or no value for durable purposes, on account of its liability to decay. The timber thus prepared would be highly useful in houses, farm-houses, and outhouses; and for posts, rails, gates, fencing, &c. For the latter purposes, the prepared timber has been extensively employed in the fencing of the Regent's Park; and the houses in the Zoological Gardens.

The mode of applying the solution of corrosive sublimate is, by placing in a tank the timber to be prepared, and securing it by a cross beam to prevent its rising to the surface. The solution is then admitted, and for a time, all remains still. "In ten or twelve hours, the water is thrown into great agitation by the effervescence occasioned by the expulsion of the air fixed in the wood, by the force with which the fluid is drawn in by chemical affinity, and by the escape of that portion of the chlorine or muriatic gas, which is disengaged during the process. In the course of twelve hours, the commotion ceases, and in the space of seven to fourteen days, (varying according to the diameter of the wood,) the change is complete."*

* Lecture delivered by Dr. Birkbeck at the Society of Arts, 1834.

A still more important application of Mr. Kyan's process than any yet named, remains to be mentioned. This is to the preparation of timber for shipbuilding; and with such view, the process has been recommended to the attention of his Majesty's Government, who have caused the merits of the recommendation to be investigated with considerable care. For this purpose, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty appointed as Commissioners of Inquiry, Captain John Hayes, Chairman; B. Rotch, Esq.; Professor Daniell; Dr. Birkbeck; and Alexander Copland Hutchinson, Esq. These gentlemen commenced their investigations by experiments and evidence on the 15th of April last, and made their report to the Admiralty on the 9th of June. The evidence was taken at the Admiralty, Whitehall, and Somerset House; and the experiments were made in a tank about 17 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 4 feet 6 inches deep, constructed in the basement of the river front of Somerset House. In this tank was put a solution of 224 lbs. of corrosive sublimate, and 1,062 gallons of water, in which were immersed six pieces of timber for experiment, viz. Dantzic fir, Canada red pine, Riga fir, English oak without sap, English oak with sap, and English elm.

We gather from the report, that the result of the comparative experiments, as far as they go, which have been brought under the notice of the Commissioners, inclines them to believe, that external protection is afforded by Mr. Kyan's process, and that it, therefore, would be found sufficient for canvas and cordage, and for wood under certain circumstances; but it cannot be denied, that the extent of the general efficacy of the process, as regards large timber, must depend upon the fact of penetration or non-penetration, or of some external influence proceeding from the exterior, of which no evidence has been offered to the Commissioners. The experiments made by the Commissioners at Somerset House, indicate a definable penetration of the mercury to a very limited extent; but the Commissioners are not agreed as to whether this fact disproves the possibility of any interior effect of any kind, being produced upon large timber by the process.

"All the persons examined, who have used the prepared wood, are of opinion, that the process renders the ordinary length of time for seasoning timber unnecessary. Sir Robert Smirke, however, thinks that while timber of large scantling may be used the sooner for it, still it would not supersede the usual length of time for seasoning wood for joiner's work."

"As to the strength of the solution, with a view to the expense, there has been great inconsistency in the statements made to the Commissioners. The solution for the experiment at Somerset House, consisted of

224 lbs. of corrosive sublimate to 1,062 gallons of water, being rather more than 1 lb. of corrosive sublimate to 5 gallons of water, (the proportion last named by Mr. Kyan,) the price of the corrosive sublimate at the time of this experiment being 3s. 7d. per lb. It was stated by Mr. Kyan that the solution loses none of its strength, and becomes in no way altered by the immersion of the timber; and the greater part of the solution in the tank, at the time of the Commissioners' visit to Mr. Kyan's premises, was stated to have been in use some years.

" Two bottles of the solution used for the experiment at Somerset House were sent to Professor Faraday, one having been filled before the immersion of the timber, and the other afterwards; and he has stated that they contain the same proportions of corrosive sublimate in solution."

" On the point of expense, it may be proper to observe that the additional cost of building the Samuel Enderbey, a ship of 420 tons, entirely of the prepared timber, was 240%; and it appears that the Board of Admiralty have agreed to pay at the rate of 15s. a load extra for such as may be used in the construction of the Linnet."

" As to the salubrity of the process, the evidence proves it to have produced no ill effect upon the health of the workmen, who have used the prepared timber for shipbuilding or other purposes. It, however, appears that great caution is requisite in preparing the solution, and in the use of the process.

With regard to its effects on the health of a ship's crew, the Commissioners observe that the Samuel Enderbey, which was completely built with prepared timber last year, sailed last October for the South Seas; and in three accounts received from apprentices on board her, (none others have come to hand,) one of which was dated lat. 3° S., long. 94° 30' W., the crew were mentioned as being all well. Another ship, the John Palmer, was extensively repaired in the autumn of 1833 with new timbers and new topsides from the light-water mark; the interior was also new from the lower deck upwards; and the whole of the timber used for these works, as also the plank for the men's fitted sleeping berths, were prepared on Mr. Kyan's plan. Two accounts received from the master since she sailed, one dated on the Line, and the other from the Straits of Timor, state that the crew were all well.

The Commissioners consider it desirable to avoid any risk, by placing provisions in direct contact with the prepared wood; and they suggest that ropes and sails, being much handled by seamen, the raw material of them when prepared, should be washed, prior to being well manufactured.

As to the alleged increased purity of bilge water in ships built of the prepared timber,

some that was pumped out of the Samuel Enderbey last autumn, was "perfectly sweet."

Anecdote Gallery.

THE MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.

In the year 1140, a count of Perch, who had led an irreligious life, made a vow during a very violent tempest, that if he escaped shipwreck, he would found upon his estate a monastery, and that the roof of the church should have the form of a ship's keel. Upon his return to his domain, he chose for the situation a wild valley, very low; the only descent to which was by a narrow passage—hence the name La Trappe. The regulations of this convent were exceedingly austere. By degrees, its manners became relaxed, when a singular adventure gave rise to the greatest reform in this institution. The estate fell by inheritance to M. L'Abbe de Ranet, a man of good family, and naturally of a benevolent heart, but given up to an unfortunate amour. As he returned from a journey, having been absent but a few days on business, on his arrival he went to his beloved mistress, a woman of the greatest beauty and vivacity: by means of a key, he passed along a dark passage, and ascending by a private staircase, opened the door of her chamber—when, lo! instead of the beauteous Monbazon, he beheld by the light of a blue lamp on the toilette, a head besmeared with blood; and casting his frantic eyes around, he saw the body in a coffin, which being too small, the head had been cut off, and placed in a dish upon the table. This frightful spectacle inspired him with the resolution of abandoning the world, and entering into the convent of La Trappe, where he introduced all the austeries of St. Bernard.

The monks of La Trappe never speak: they eat only vegetables and drink water; they rise every morning at two, and after matins, they make themselves a grave, in remembrance of their mortal state; they wear camelot next the skin, and lie upon straw. In the place where they assemble to warm themselves, (which is the only indulgence they take,) over the fireplace is the picture of a beautiful woman; and a person turns it every five minutes; when a half putrid skeleton appears.

G. H.

PATRIOTIC FANATICISM.

FATIGUED and exhausted by forced marches, a regiment of the infantry of the guard of Jerome, the ex-king of Westphalia, arrived before the monastery of Figueiras, in Spain. The colonel of the regiment, a Frenchman, sent in an officer, to demand of the prior the necessary refreshment for the men, as well as for the staff, consisting of about twenty officers. The prior with some of the monks

came out to meet the general, and assured him that the inhabitants of Figueiras would provide for the soldiers, but that he himself would prepare a frugal meal for the staff. The prior's offer was accepted: Captain Korff received from the general some commissions for the regiment; and, about an hour afterwards, it was announced to the prior that the dinner was served up in the refectory of the monastery. The general, who was aware that the French in Spain had reason to be on their guard in eating and drinking what was offered by the natives, invited the prior to dine with them: he and two other monks accepted the invitation in such a manner as to leave no doubt that he felt much flattered by it. After the officers had taken their seats, the prior said grace, carved, ate of every dish first, and, with his two brethren who poured out the wine, drank plentifully with his guests. The general expressed his satisfaction to the prior, whose kind reception had surpassed all expectation. Suddenly, however, the cheerfulness of the prior was changed into profound seriousness; he rose from his seat, thanked the company for the honour they had done him, and concluded by asking if any of them had affairs to settle in this world, adding with emphasis:—"This, gentlemen, is the last meal you and I shall take on earth: in an hour we shall all be before the judgment-seat of God!" Cold and trembling horror seized the amazed guests; for the prior and his two monks had poisoned the wine in which they had pledged the French officers. All the antidotes given by the French physicians were in vain: in less than an hour every one of them had ceased to live.

G. H.

greatest fortunes."—Impetuous Harry was so much pleased with his answer, that he shook Fitzwilliam heartily by the hand, and said, "Such gratitude, ha! shall never want a master; come into my service worthy man, and teach my other servants gratitude; for few of them have any." He then knighted him on the spot, and Fitzwilliam was immediately sworn in a privy councillor. —G. H.

WAT TYLER AND SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH.

WAT TYLER, when in servitude, had been beaten by his master, Richard Lions, "a great merchant of wines," and sheriff of London. This chastisement working on an evil disposition, appears never to have been forgiven; and when Wat assumed his short-lived dominion, he had his old master beheaded, and his head carried before him on the point of a spear. So Grafton tells us, to the eternal obloquy of this arch-rebel, who "was a crafty fellow, and of an excellent wit, but wanting grace." I would not sully the glory of the patriotic blow which ended the rebellion with the rebel, yet there are secrets in history. Sir William Walworth, "the ever-famous Mayor of London," as Stow calls him, has left the immortality of his name to one of our suburbs; but, when I discovered in Stow's Survey, that Walworth was the landlord of the stews on Bankside, which he farmed out to the Dutch *crows*, and which Wat had pulled down, I am inclined to suspect that private feeling first knocked down the saucy rogue, and then thrust him through with his dagger; and that there was as much of personal vengeance as patriotism, which raised his arm to crush the destroyer of so much valuable property.

G. H.

THE FOUNDER OF THE FITZWILLIAM FAMILY.

THE founder of the present noble family of Fitzwilliam was an alderman of Bread-street Ward, in the year 1506. Before his death, he forgave all his debtors, and wrote upon the erased accounts of each, "Amore Dei remitto." Cardinal Wolsey was the chief means of this worthy citizen acquiring his large fortune. After the disgrace of the cardinal, Mr. Fitzwilliam very hospitably entertained him at Milton, Northamptonshire, one of the fine seats of the present earl. Henry VIII. was so enraged at this, that he sent for Mr. Fitzwilliam to Court, and said—"How, ha! how comes it, ha! that you dare entertain a traitor?"—Fitzwilliam modestly replied, "I did it not from disloyalty, but gratitude."—The angry monarch here interrupted him with—"How, ha!" (the usual exclamation of his rage,) but he, with the tear of gratitude in his eye, and the burst of loyalty in his bosom, continued, "from gratitude, as he was my old master, and the origin of my

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.

In the churchyard at Keyshoe, in Bedfordshire, is the following inscription now almost obliterated. The event to which it relates, together with the circumstances which are known to have been connected with it, appear too remarkable to be consigned to oblivion. No alteration has been admitted in copying the inscription from the stone, but in the spelling and grammar.

"In memory of the mighty hand of the Great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who preserved the life of William Dickens, April 17th, 1718, when he was pointing the steeple, and fell from the ridge of the middle window in the spire, over the south-west pinnacle. He dropped upon the battlement, and there broke his leg and foot, and drove down two long coping stones, and so fell to the ground with his neck upon one standard of his chair, when the other end took the ground. He was heard by his brother to say, when near the ground, 'Christ have mercy upon me! Lord Jesus Christ help me!' It

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is added that he died November 29th, 1759, aged 73 years.

The height from whence this person fell was not less than 132 feet, and his leg and foot were exceedingly fractured; but his injury in other respects was so trifling, that he not only lived more than forty years afterwards, but within seven months from the time of his fall, he was capable of ascending the steeple a second time, and he then finished pointing the spire.

The chair in which he sat was suspended by a strong rope of four strands, yet it parted evidently through the rocking of the spire, occasioned by the striking of the church clock at eight in the morning. Upon examining the ropes, it appeared that three of the strands, out of the four which composed it, had been previously cut through with a knife.

William Dickens had been in company the evening before this event with a person of the same business, and a strong suspicion was entertained that this man had cut the rope in revenge for being disappointed in the job. Whether this suspicion was well or ill founded, must be referred to the unerring Judge of the hearts and lives of all.

The grandson of the man who was so wonderfully preserved, was, in the year 1797, minister of the Dissenting congregation at Keyshoe; and every particular of the account here given has been confirmed by the strongest authority.

G. H.

Antiquariana.

SHRINES AND PILGRIMAGES.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, (hope's true gage,)
And then I'll take my pilgrimage.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

The custom of making pilgrimages to spots of reputed sanctity, prevailed to a great extent in the latter ages of paganism, and, coupled with a reverence for relics, was transferred, at a very early period, to the Christian church. Journeys of this kind to Jerusalem are mentioned in the third century; and, in the fourth, they are said, by St. Jerome, to have been common from all parts of the Roman empire. The custom of worshipping the relics of martyrs also prevailed in Egypt in the same century. It was, however much later before either practice became established in its full extent; probably, not till the time of the Crusades. In England, there were few shrines or relics of great repute, which dated beyond this period. In some of the most celebrated, as that of the Virgin at Walsingham, and the true blood at Hailes, the sacred *mattoiel* was professedly imported by the Crusaders; whilst the greatest

of all, the shrine of Becket, at Canterbury, derived its existence from an event as late as the twelfth century.

The passion of visiting shrines and other sacred places, appears, in the middle ages, to have prevailed pre-eminently in England. In the days of Bede, (in the seventh and eighth centuries,) a pilgrimage to Rome was held to be great virtue. In later ages, the "shadow" of St. James, at Compostella, was chiefly visited by English pilgrims, and appears to have been set up to divert a part of the inundation which flowed upon Rome.

In the days of Chaucer, it seems to have been almost as fashionable to make occasional visits to the tomb of some favourite saint, as it now is to frequent the different watering-places.

In the number of her domestic shrines, England alone exceeded all other countries. Thirty-eight existed in Norfolk alone; and to one of these, that of our Lady of Walsingham, Erasmus says, every Englishman, not regarded irreligious, invariably paid his homage. The pilgrims who arrived at Canterbury, on the sixth jubilee of the translation of Becket, are said to have exceeded 100,000; a number which, if correctly given, must have comprised nearly a twentieth of the entire population of the kingdom. Even on the eve of the Reformation, when pilgrimage had much declined, it appears that upwards of 500 devotees bringing money or cattle, arrived in one day at an obscure shrine in Wales. These facts give some idea of the extent to which pilgrimages were carried in this country, and impart a peculiar interest to the subject.

The pilgrimages of the middle ages may be divided into four classes—first, pilgrimages of penance or devotion to foreign shrines; secondly, pilgrimages of the same kind to English shrines; thirdly, pilgrimages to medical or charmed shrines; and, fourthly, vicarious pilgrimages for the good of the soul of the principal. Other kinds have been enumerated; but these contain all which had any professed reference to devotion.

The professional costume of a pilgrim is usually described as consisting of a long, coarse, russet gown with large sleeves, and sometimes patched with crosses; a leathern belt worn round the shoulders or loins, a bowl and bag suspended from it; a round hat turned up in front, and stuck with scallop shells, or small leaden images of saints; a rosary of large beads hanging from the neck or arm, and a long walking-staff, (the boudon,) hooked like a crozier, or furnished near the top with two hollow balls, which were occasionally used as a musical instrument.

Annexed are portraits of two pilgrims. First is a simple pilgrim in the costume of the fourteenth century. His hat is turned up in front, and fastened with a scallop-



Simple Pilgrim, (fourteenth century.)

shell,* he is bare-footed, and holds a staff in his left hand; he has a long beard, though it was dangerous at the commencement of the thirteenth century for a stranger to appear with a beard †

Next is the figure of a palmer pilgrim, designed by the late Mr. William Alexander, F.S.A., of the British Museum, from a monument in Ashby-de-la-Zouch church, in Leicestershire. He has not a hat like the previous pilgrim, but as a substitute, a head-covering, intended for shooting off the wet; he bears his scrip slung over his shoulders, with cross-band and shells; his outer robe with half-open sleeves, shows a close robe under them: in his right hand he bears a staff; and in his left, a rosary: he is shod; the shoe being like the countryman's half-boot, the Doric Cretan shoe, worn by *Diana succincta* and hunters, to save the ankles in leaping rocks.

* Scallops being denominated by ancient authors the shells of Gales, or Galicia, plainly apply to the Compostella pilgrimage in particular. Fuller, however, says, scallop-shells were assumed by pilgrims because used for cups and dishes by them in Palestine; and that Nicholas de Villiers, the first of the family, who attended Edward I. to the holy wars, bore the scallops to denote a tour to Palestine; whereas it was usual to return by Compostella, and the shells appear to have implied this as above. Elsewhere we find the scallop-shells referred to St. James the fisherman, and patron of pilgrims.

† Strutt. It should, however, be noted that in the twelfth century, the laity and clergy had all renounced the beard; the peasants only, and those who travelled to the Holy Land, did not shave, after the example of the Orientals.



Palmer Pilgrim, (fourteenth century.)

Before setting out, the pilgrim received consecration, which was extended also to the several articles of his attire. On a certain day, he repaired to the church, and, after making confession, he prostrated himself before the altar, where certain prayers and masses were said over him, ending with the *Gloria Patri, Ad te, Domine, levavi*, and the *Miserere*. He then arose, and the priest consecrated his scrip and staff, sprinkling each with holy water, and placing the former round his neck, and the latter in his hand. If he were going to Jerusalem, the crosses of his gown were sprinkled in the same way, and publicly sewed upon his garment. The service then ended with the mass, *De ictu agentibus*; and, on the day of taking his departure, he was sometimes led out of the parish in procession, with the cross and holy water borne before him.† Before commencing his journey, he also settled his worldly affairs, and frequently gave a part of his goods to religious uses. In Blomefield's *Norfolk*, an instance is cited of a pilgrim who insured the prayers of a religious house during his absence, by a gift of cattle and corn, and gave the reversion of his estates to it, if he should not return. Such acts of generosity had, probably, a reference to the protection which the church bestowed on these devotees. During their absence, their property was secured from injury, nor could they be arrested or cast in any civil process.

‡ Fosbroke, Brit. Monachism, p. 433.

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The most desperate characters respected the sanctity of their profession, and, in some instances, have been known, after robbing them by the way, to restore all they had taken from them.* The pilgrims to foreign places were compelled, by a law of 9 Edward III. to embark and return by Dover, "in relief and comfort of the said town;" and, in 13 Richard II., 1389, at the request of "the barons of Dover," who alluded to this ordinance, the king commanded, that all pilgrims and others, excepting soldiers and merchants, should embark at Plymouth or Dover, and nowhere else, without special license from the king himself: those, however, who wished to go to Ireland, might embark where they pleased. From the reason assigned by the barons for their petition, it has been inferred that the restriction arose from a desire to check the smuggling, which is said to have been extensively carried on by persons in this disguise. At Dover, too, was founded a hospital called the *Maison Dieu*, for the reception of poor pilgrims; a considerable portion of which building remains to the present day.

In the order of foreign pilgrims must be reckoned the palmers; a class of men whose real history and condition are little known, though their name is familiar.† Their designation is supposed to have been derived from the palm, (the symbol of Palestine,) branches of which were brought home by them, as evidences of their journey. The distinction between them and ordinary pilgrims has been defined as follows: "The pilgrim had some home or dwelling place; but the palmer had none. The pilgrim travelled to some certain designed place; but the palmer to all. The pilgrim went at his own charges; but the palmer professed wilful poverty, and went upon alms. The pilgrim might give over his profession, and return home; but the palmer must be consistent till he obtained his palm by death."‡ These distinctions, however, were not invariably preserved; and it would be, perhaps, difficult to determine any that were so. The profession of a palmer was, at first, voluntary, and arose in that rivalry of fanaticism which existed in the earlier part of the middle ages. But, afterwards, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, it was not unfrequently imposed as a penance; and by a law of Henry I., priests who revealed the confessional were punished by these perpetual pilgrimages, amounting to banishment. In some cases, a variety of severe conditions were added to the sentence. Some who were thus condemned, were made to wander about almost naked, carrying rings and chains of iron;

* Paston Letters, vol. iii. p. 304.

† The reader will recollect the palmer's disguise in the most popular of all Sir Walter Scott's romances, Ivanhoe.

‡ Staveley's Romish Horseleech, p. 94.

and others were bound, in all their journeys, to kneel down at short intervals and beat the earth with the palms of their hands. There can be no doubt that these forms of penance were actually inflicted; but to what extent, in any particular age, it is impossible to ascertain. May not, however, the palm penance have furnished the denomination of palmers?

(To be continued.)

The Public Journals.

TO THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

On seeing her in York Cathedral, during the Performance of the Messiah.

SWEET Princess! as I gaze upon thee now,
In the bright sunshine of thy youthful grace,
And in thy soft, blue eyes, and tranquil brow,
Would seek resemblance to thy lofty race,
I think how soon the whelmings cares of state
May crush thy free, young spirit with their weight,
And change the guileless beauty of thy face;
Nor leave of that sweet, happy smile one trace:
Then earnestly I pray that thou mayest be
Through all thy life beloved, good and great;
And when from thy calm home, by Heaven's decree,
Thou art called to rule a mighty nation's fate,
Myst thou throughout thy reign be just and wise,
And win at last a crown immortal in the skies.
Blackwood's Magazine.

KIT NORTH'S FIRST SALMON.

A GAUDY—a gorgeous tyke—arrayed in silver and gold, and plumed from the Bird of Paradise. Nothing is ever found in a salmon's stomach—some blockheads have said—but animalcula in a state of decomposition. How do they account for his swallowing with avidity a bunch of worms? How will they account for his attempting to swallow this humming-bird? Lord have mercy upon us! was it we that fell there into the water? Thank heaven no—there it is again—A FISH! A FISH! Shall we let our lure dangle six feet high in air, or let it wet its wings in the Leven? Wef its wi—Mercy! he is on! What will become of us! Hush! hush! stand out of the way. That cursed cork-tree! No—no—no—a harmless hazel. All's right—all's right. The banks are bare on this side for a mile down. But, hang him—the river horse wont swim down—and if he leaps up that waterfall! Sulky already, by Jove! like a stone at the bottom. That is a good omen. He has it in the tongue, and is taciturn. Tom Stoddart would recommend us to go in and kick him. But we would rather be excused. Let us time him. Twenty minutes to—Whaw! there goes a watch like winking into the water. Let the Kelpie fob it. Now we call that strong, steady swimming, and we are willing to back him against any fish in the river. You could not swim in that style, you villain! but for Us. There, take the butt, my boy; how are you off for a barb, my darling? If you suppose you are on single gut you are a gudgeon: for let us assure you, sir, that you are snuving

on three-ply! Alas! poor fellow, we could pity you; but we cannot let you off. Our character is at stake—and after we have slain thee, we should like to have a shot at yon eagle. Perhaps you are not so much of a monster after all, and we are willing to conclude a bargain for you at two stone, troy. Well, that beats Banagher and Ballyshannon too. Ten loughs, six feet high, in instant succession! Why, when we get you on shore we shall let you astonish the natives, by bouncing in and out a dozen empty barrels all waiting for your brethren when they come to be cured. Didn't we tell you that could not last? Such feats of agility were not becoming—barely decent—in a fish in your melancholy situation—and you should be thinking, without showing it, of your latter end. We begin to suspect in good earnest that we are a great natural genius. Only think of learning how to kill a salmon at a single lesson! "Angling made easy, or every man his own *Lascelles*." We wonder how long we have had him on;—let us look—*whew!* minus a watch and appendages—what care we for them more than for a leg of mutton and trimmings? Yet, for her sake, we wish we had not lost that exquisitely delicate silk paper, with Cupid upon it pulling his arrow from a bleeding heart. But awake! awake, my love! and come hither; for the rain it is over and gone, and the greensward sleeps in the sunshine. * * * *

Oh! red, red are thy lips, my love! What aileth these small teeth of thine? And what, we beseech thee, hast thou been doing with that dear nose? Not a word in reply, but a wallop between our legs, that capsized us. "AND THUS IT WAS THAT CHRISTOPHER NORTH KILLED HIS FIRST SALMON."

Blackwood's Magazine.

QUID PRO QUO—BURNS AND BLOOMFIELD.

Our well-beloved brethren—the English—who, genteel as they are—have a vulgar habit of calling us *the Scotch*—never lose an opportunity of declaiming on the national disgrace incurred by our treatment of Burns. We confess that the People of that day were not blameless—nor was the Bard whom now all the nations honour. There was some reason for sorrow—perhaps for shame—and there was avowed repentance. Scotland stands where it did in the world's esteem. The widow outlived her husband nearly forty years—she wanted nothing—and was happy; the sons are prosperous—or with a competence—all along with that family all has been right. England never had a Burns. We cannot know how she would have treated him—had he "walked in glory and in joy upon *her mountain-sides*." But we do know how she treated her Bloomfield. She let him starve. Humanly speaking we may say that but for his imprisonment—his exclusion

from light and air—he would now have been alive;—as it was—the patronage he received served but to protract a feeble, a desponding, a melancholy existence,—cheered at times but by short visits from the Muse, who was scared from that dim abode—and fain would have wasted him with her to the fresh fields and the breezy downs—but his lot forbade—and generous England. There was some talk of a subscription—and Southey, with hand "open as day to melting charity," was foremost among the Poets. But somehow or other it fell through—and was never more heard of—and meanwhile Bloomfield died. Hush then about Burns. Pretend to admire what you cannot read—leave *the Scotch* to their own reflections on the fate of their Ploughman—and explain to us at your leisure, in what lay, the grace of English gratitude to your Farmer's Boy.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE MOOR, AS IT WAS.

We have not given you more than a single hint of a great part of the parish—the Moor. It was then ever so many miles long, and ever so many miles broad, and nobody thought of guessing how many miles round—but some dozen years ago it was absolutely measured to a rod by a land-louper of a land-surveyor—distributed—drained—inclosed—utterly ruined for ever.—No—not for ever. Nature laughs to scorn acts of Parliament, and we predict that in quarter of a century she will resume her management of that moor. We rejoice to hear that she is beginning already to take lots of it into her own hands. Wheat has no business there—and should keep to the carsea. In spring she takes him by the braid till he looks yellow in the face long before his time—in summer by the cuff of the neck till he lies down on his back and rots in the rain—in autumn by the ears, and rubs him against the grain till he expires as fashionless as the winnlestrees with which he is interlaced—in winter she shakes him in the stock till he is left but a shadow which pigeons despise. See him in stack at Christmas and you pity the poor straw. Here and there bits of bear or big and barley, she permits to flourish—nor is she loth to see the flowers and shaws and apples on the poor man's plant, the life-sustaining potato—which none but political economists hate and all Christians love. She is not so sure about turnips, but as they are a green crop she leaves them to the care of the fly. But where have her gowans gone? There they still are in flocks which no cultivation can scatter or eradicate—inextinguishable by all the lime that was ever brought unslakened from all the kilns that ever glowed—by all the dung that was ever heaped up fresh and fuming from all the Augean stables in the land. Yet her heart burns within her to behold, even in the midst of what she

abhors, the large, dew-loved heads of clover whitening or reddening, or with their rival colours amicably intermingled, a new birth glorious in the place of reedy marsh or fen where the cat-paws nodded—and them she will retain unto herself when once more she rejoices in her Wilderness Restored.

Blackwood's Magazine.

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

The Dublin Audience.—The visitors of the galleries in the Dublin, and indeed all the Irish theatres, differ in conduct from the natives of any other country. They single out individuals whom they know in pit or boxes, and keep up a fire of interrogatories by no means pleasant, and not always decorous. On one occasion, a Mr. C—, a wine-merchant, about whom some delicate affair was then murmured, was in the pit: a lad in the gallery began to inquire of Mr. C—, "How's Mrs. So-and-so, Mr. C—? Why wouldn't you bring her along wid you, Mr. C—?" &c. &c. Mr. C— bore this for some time with great good humour, but at last rose, and said, "As the gentleman wishes to have a chat with me, will some of ye just throw him over to the pit, and then we shall be able to converse at our ease?"

On another occasion, when there was a cry of "Sit down in front;" a gentleman at the back of the gallery immediately replied, "Wid all my heart, only let me get there, I'll sit down fast enough."

When Tom Cooke was leader of the band, they used to call to him whenever any body in the course of the scene had to make love to Mrs. Cooke, (who played the chambermaids;) and a song of "When I'm a widow" was commonly honoured with a double encore, that the gods might reiterate again and again, "D'y hear to that, Tom Cooke!"

I am speaking of Dublin Theatre twenty years since, when they were, if they took to an actor, the most liberal auditors in the world; but woe betide the unhappy wight to whom they did not take.

Suet's Landlady.—Suet had at one time a landlady who exhibited an inordinate love for the vulgar fluid ycleped gin, a beverage which Suet himself by no means held in abhorrence. She would order her servant to get the supplies after the following fashion:—"Betty, go and get a quartern loaf, and half a quartern of gin." Off started Betty: she was speedily recalled.—"Betty, make it half a quartern loaf, and a quartern of gin?" but Betty had never got fairly across the threshold on the mission ere the voice was again heard—"Betty, on second thoughts, you may as well make it all gin."

Kemble and Liston.—When Liston was in the Newcastle company, he had a strong bias in favour of tragedy, and having been

in the scholastic profession, it suited his notions of the dignity of the drama. In some case of emergency, he was sent on for David in the "Rivals." C. Kemble, who was in Newcastle for practice and improvement, saw him play this one part, and advised Liston to stick to the country boys, and recommended him to the London managers, but the advice was not listened to until five years afterwards. Liston, during his tragedizing, applied to Stephen Kemble, the manager, for an increase of salary. "Pooh! pooh!" said Stephen, "such actors as you are to be found in every hedge." The insult struck deep, but Liston's mode of revenging it was peculiar. Some days afterwards, as the manager was driving from Newcastle to Sunderland, to his horror, he saw his perpetrator of kings and courtiers stuck up to his middle in a quickset hedge. "Good heavens, Mr. Liston!" he exclaimed: "what is the matter? what are you doing there?"—"Looking for some of the actors you told me of the other day," replied the comedian.

When Liston came to the Haymarket, he lived in a neighbourhood where the mixture administered to him by the name of milk was of a very dubious quality. He complained to his landlady, but this brought no redress, the proportions still remaining three parts milk to seventeen of water: at last, he came to the door himself, and, holding forth two jugs, said, "Give it me separate, I'll mix for myself:" the hint was taken.

Mathews and his Namesake.—A man well known through the provinces as Irish Mathews, travelled from about 1815 until within a year or two, with an entertainment entitled, "Mathews at Home." He was, of course, continually mistaken for the real Simon Pure, but as Mathews was his genuine patronymic, he replied to all remonstrances,—"Get out of that entirely; why will I change it? Wasn't it my father's name? let the other chap, (meaning the renowned Charles,) change *his*." To all requests to omit the words, "At Home," he replied with similar ingenuity. Irish Mathews was a man of great muscular power, and amid his "other vocal performances," lifted an anvil from the ground by fastening it to the hair of his head by whipcord. He had shoulders of ample dimensions, and was altogether a handsome fellow, as the ladies would say, which is equivalent to an "ugly customer," in the less polished phraseology of the ring. On one occasion, the Mathews arrived at Norwich, and, to his great dismay, saw the Irish jontleman's bills stuck all over the town. "Hang this impostor," said Charles; "I'll kick him, sure as he's born I will—I'll kick him out of the place." The more Mathews thought of it, the more resolved he became to perform the aforesaid operation upon the person of his namesake. X—,

who was with him, thinking to make the impostor's shame more certain, advised him to go to the performance at night, and declaring himself, then and there kick out the intruder.—“The justice of it pleases me,” quoth and quoted Mathews; and together they went, paid for admission, and entered the place; the hero of a thousand “at homes” reiterating to his companion—“I'll kick him—don't try to prevent me—I *will* kick him.” At the moment they came into the exhibition-room, the Irish gentleman had just concluded his feat of strength, and was putting away the anvil with as much apparent ease as Mathews could lift a chair. This, to say nothing of the “brawny shoulders four feet square” of the exhibiter, was enough. “Come along, my dear fellow,” exclaimed Mathews; “it isn't worth while to make a disturbance; he's a low fellow, you see, beneath my notice.”—*New Monthly Magazine.*

New Books.

LAMARTINE'S PILGRIMAGE.

(Continued from page 255.)

[WE omitted to mention that M. de Lamartine visited Lady Hester Stanhope in her mountain palace citadel at Lebanon; and the account of the interview will be read with much interest.

The plague was raging with such violence at Jerusalem that M. de Lamartine was obliged to content himself with a residence in the Convent of St. John, in the desert, and a tent pitched near the walls of the city; within which, however, he ventured, to pay his adorations in the]

Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

In my turn, and the last, I entered the Holy Sepulchre; my mind filled with these stupendous reflections, my heart touched by impressions yet more sacred, which remain a mystery between man and his soul, between the reasoning insect and his creator. Such impressions admit not of words; they exhale with the smoke of the holy lamps, with the perfume of the censers, with the vague and confused murmur of sighs; they fall with those tears that spring to the eyes from remembrance of the first names we have lisped in infancy—of the father and the mother who inculcated them—of the brothers, the sisters, the friends with whom we have whispered them. All the pious emotions which have affected our souls in every period of life; all the prayers that have been breathed from our hearts and our lips in the name of Him who taught us to pray to his Father and to ours; all the joys and griefs of which those prayers were the interpreters, are awakened in the depth of the soul; and produce by their echoes, by their very confusion, a bewildering of the understanding, and a melting of the

heart, which seek not language, but transpire in moistened eyes, a heaving breast, a prostrate forehead, and lips glued in silence to the sepulchral stone. Long did I remain in this posture, supplicating the Father of Heaven, in that very spot from whence the most pathetic and comprehensive of prayers ascended for the first time to His throne; praying for my father here below, for my mother in another world, for all those who live or are no more, but our invisible link with whom is never dissolved; the communion of love always exists; the names of all the beings I have known and loved, or by whom I have been beloved, passed my lips on the stones of the Holy Sepulchre. I prayed last for myself, but ardently and devoutly. Before the tomb of Him who brought the greatest portion of truth into the world, and died with the greatest self-devotion for that truth of which God has made Him the Word, I prayed for truth and courage. Never can I forget the words which I murmured in that hour, so critical to my moral life. Perhaps my prayer was heard; a bright ray of reason and conviction diffused itself through my understanding, giving me more clearly to distinguish light from darkness, error from truth. There are moments in the life of man, in which his thoughts, long fluctuating like the waves of a bottomless sea in vague uncertainty, touch at length upon a shore against which they break, and roll back upon themselves, with new forms, and a current contrary to that which has hitherto impelled them. Was such a moment then mine? He who sounds all thoughts knows, and the time will perhaps come when I shall comprehend it. It was a mystery in my life which will hereafter be made plain.

[Leaving Jerusalem, next in interest are some particulars of the Dead Sea; though, in the interim, occur the following observations on]

The Arabian Horse.

We, Europeans, have no idea of the extent of intelligence and attachment to which the habit of living with the family, of being caressed by the children, fed by the women, and encouraged or reprimanded by the voice of the master, can raise the natural instinct of the Arabian horse. The race is of itself more sagacious and more tameable than that of our climates; and this is the same with other animals in Arabia; nature itself has endowed them with a higher degree of instinct and a closer fraternity with man, than in our countries. They seem to retain some remembrance of Eden, where they voluntarily submitted themselves to the dominion of man, the king of nature. I have often, in Syria, seen birds caught in the morning by the children, and perfectly tame by evening; having need neither of cage nor string to retain them with the family that

had adopted them, but fluttering freely amongst the orange and mulberry-trees of the garden, coming when called, and perching of their own accord on the children's fingers, or the heads of the young girls. The horse I had bought of the Scheik of Jericho, and which I rode, knew me as his master in a few days: he would no longer suffer another to mount him, but would break through the whole caravan to come at my call, though my voice and language were foreign to him: gentle and kind to me, and soon accustomed to the attention of my Arabs, he marched peacefully and quietly in his place in the caravan so long as he saw only Turks, or Syrians, or Arabs dressed like Turks; but when, even a year after, he saw a Bedouin mounted on a horse of the Desert, he became in an instant another animal. His eyes flashed fire, his neck grew inflated, his tail lashed like whips upon his flanks, he reared on his hind legs, and marched in this way for some minutes under the weight of the saddle and his rider. He did not neigh, but uttered a warlike cry, like that of a brazen trumpet; a cry that frightened all the other horses, and caused them to arrest their steps and dress up their ears to listen to him.

The Dead Sea

Has been described by various travellers; I neither noted its specific gravity, nor the relative quantity of salt contained in its waters. It was neither science nor criticism that I came to seek; I came simply because it lay in my way, because it was in the midst of a famous desert, and was famous itself; because it had swallowed up all the towns that formerly stood where I now see its motionless flood extended. Its shores are flat on the eastern and western sides; on the north and south the high mountains of Judea and Arabia close it in, descending nearly to its waves; those of Arabia, however, are not so near, particularly on the side of the mouth of the Jordan, where we then were. The shores are completely desolate, the air is fetid and unwholesome, and we felt its influence during the whole time we were in the desert. A sense of heaviness in the head, and a slight fever, attacked us all, and only quitted us when we left this injurious atmosphere. There is no island to be seen; about sunset, however, I fancied I could distinguish two, at the extremity of the horizon, towards Idumea. The Arabs knew nothing of them; the sea is in this place at least thirty leagues across, and they have never ventured to follow it so far. No traveller has indeed ever attempted the circumnavigation of the Dead Sea; it has never yet been seen at its other extremity, nor at its shores of Judea and Arabia. I think we are the first who have explored it freely on the three sides, and if we had had more time at our disposal, nothing

would have prevented us from having planks of fir brought here from Lebanon, Jerusalem, or Jaffa; from constructing a skiff on the spot, and visiting in this way the whole extent of this wonderful internal sea. The Arabs, who do not generally allow travellers to approach it, and whose prejudices are opposed to all desire for navigating it, were at this time so devoted to our slightest wishes, that they would have offered no obstacle; and I should certainly have executed such a design if I had at all foreseen the favourableness of their conduct towards us; but it was too late; we must have sent back to Jerusalem for carpenters to construct the bark: this, with the time for navigating, would have occupied three weeks at least, and we had not so many days to spare. I, therefore, gave up the idea, though not without regret; another traveller in the same circumstances could easily accomplish it, and throw that light on this natural phenomenon and geographical question which science has so long demanded.

The aspect of the Dead Sea is neither funereal nor gloomy, except to the imagination. To the eye, it is a shining lake, whose immense and silvery surface reflects the rays of light like a mirror. The beautifully shaped mountains throw their shadows even to its borders. It is said that no fish exists in its waters, nor bird on its banks; I cannot decide this; I certainly neither saw petrels, sea gulls, nor those beautiful white marine doves, that swim all the day on the waves of the Syrian Sea, and accompany the skiffs on the Bosphorus; but at some hundred paces distance from the Dead Sea, I shot at and killed some birds resembling wild ducks, that rose from the swampy borders of the Jordan. If the air had been really mortal to them, they would not thus have braved, so near, its mephitic vapours. Nor did I, either, see anything of the buried towns which are said to exist at a trifling depth below the surface, and which the Arabs who were with me pretend are sometimes visible.

I followed the borders of this sea a long time, sometimes on the Arabian side, where the mouth of the Jordan lies (which river is in this part precisely what travellers have described it, a stagnant pool of dirty water in a bed of mud); sometimes on the side of the mountains of Judea, where the shore rises and assumes occasionally the form of little downs. The sheet of water presented everywhere the same appearance of silvery brightness and perfect stillness. Mankind has well preserved the faculty given by God in Genesis, of calling things by their proper names. This sea is splendid, it illuminates, it inundates, with the reflection of its waters, the immense desert which it covers; it attracts the eye, it interests the mind—but it is dead! neither sound nor movement exists on it. Its surges, too heavy for the wind to

act upon, roll not in sonorous waves, nor ever does the white edge of its foam break on the roughness of its sides. It is a sea that seems petrified. And how has it been formed? Most likely, as the Bible tells us, and as all probability declares, it was the vast centre of a chain of volcanic mountains, which, stretching from Jerusalem to Mesopotamia, and from Lebanon to Idumea, burst open in a crater, at a time when seven cities were peopled on its plain. The cities would have been overthrown by the earthquake. The Jordan, which most probably flowed at that time through the plain, and emptied itself into the Red Sea, being stopped all at once by the volcanic hillocks, rose high above its bed, and engulfing itself in the craters of Sodom and Gomorrah, might have formed this sea, which is corrupted by the union of sulphur, salt, and bitumen—the usual productions of volcanic eruptions. This is the fact from all appearances; and it neither adds to nor diminishes the action of that sovereign and eternal will, that some call miracle, and others nature; nature and miracle—are they not one? and the whole universe, is it anything else, than one eternal, changing, yet continued miracle?

[Upon M. de Lamartine's return to Syria, a heavy affliction awaited him.]

At the beginning of December he lost his only daughter; she was carried off in two days, at the moment when her health, declining in France, appeared to be completely re-established by the air of Asia. She died in the arms of her father and mother, at a country-house in the environs of Bairout, wherein M. de Lamartine had established his family for the winter. The vessel, which he had sent back to Europe, was not expected to return to the coast of Syria, and take up the travellers, till the month of May, 1833. They remained, therefore, in the mountains six months after this terrible event, overpowered by the stroke of Providence, and without any other diversion of their grief than the sympathizing tears of their travelling companions and friends. In May, the ship Alceste returned to Bairout, according to agreement; but the travellers, to spare the unhappy mother an additional pang, declined to embark again in the same vessel which had conveyed them in happiness and confidence with the charming child whom they had lost. M. de Lamartine had had his daughter's body embalmed, that it might be carried back to St. Point, where, in her last moments, she had testified a desire of being interred. This sacred deposit he committed to the Alceste, which was to sail in company, and hiring a second ship, the brig Sophia, Captain Coulonne, went on board it with his wife and friends.

[Previously to quitting Syria, M. de Lamartine visited Damascus, Balbec, and several

other remote and memorable places; from which excursions we shall proceed to abridge a few passages describing.]

The Ruins of Balbec.

We left Zakié, which is a pretty Christian village at the foot of the Libanus, on the border of the plain facing the Anti-Libanus; and we pursued our course along the roots of the mountains, reascending in the direction of the north. We passed a ruined edifice, on the remains of which the Turks have erected a dervish's house and a mosque, presenting a grand and picturesque effect. According to Arabian traditions, this is the tomb of Noah, whose ark touched the summit of the Sannim, and who dwelt in the lovely valley of Balbec, where he died and was buried. Some ancient arches, and other structures of Greek or Roman origin, seem to confirm the traditions. It would appear at least that in all ages this spot has been consecrated by the memory of some great event:—stones support the evidence of history.

We were seven hours in crossing obliquely the plain leading to Balbec. As we approached the Anti-Libanus, the plain became more dry and rocky. Anemones and snowdrops were as numerous as the bubbles beneath our feet. We began to perceive an immense black mass, which detached itself from the white sides of the Anti-Libanus; this was Balbec. At length we reached the first ruin: this was a small octagonal temple, supported on columns of red Egyptian marble. Several of the most lofty of these columns have evidently been truncated, as some have a volute at the capital, and others have no trace of any volute. In my opinion, they have been transported hither and cut at a very recent period, for the purpose of supporting the cap of a Turkish mosque or the roof of a santon, probably in the time of Fakar-el-Din. The materials are fine, and the workmanship of the cornices and the roof bear some traces of skill in art; but these materials are evidently fragments of ruins, restored by a comparatively feeble hand and a taste already corrupt.

This temple is situated at a quarter of an hour's journey from Balbec. Impatient to gain sight of the grand and mysterious monuments bequeathed to us by the most remote antiquity, we urged on our horses who were beginning to manifest symptoms of fatigue, and were stumbling here and there over blocks of marble, shafts of columns, and capitals. The boundary walls of all the fields surrounding Balbec are built of these ruins: antiquaries may here find an enigma in every stone. Some traces of cultivation began to reappear, and large walnut-trees, the first I had seen in Syria, rose between Balbec and us, and their branches still concealed from us the ruins of the temples. At

length we discovered them. They were not, properly speaking, either temples or ruins.

We beheld before us a hill of architecture, which suddenly rose above the plain at some distance from the hills of the Anti-Libanus. We passed along one of the sides of this hill of ruins, upon which rises a forest of graceful columns. These were now gilded by the setting sun, and presented the dead yellow tints of the marble of the Parthenon, or the tuff of the Coliseum at Rome. Among these columns there are some still retaining uninjured their richly carved capitals and cornices: they are ranged in long and elegant files along the walls which inclose the sanctuaries. Some are reclining against the walls, and are supported by them, like trees whose roots are decayed whilst their trunks still remain sound and vigorous. Others, more numerous, are scattered here and there, forming immense masses of marble or stone on the slopes of the hill, in the deep hollows round it, and even in the bed of the river which flows at its feet.

On the level summit of the mountain of stone, not far from the inferior temple, there rise six pillars of gigantic dimensions, still adorned with their colossal cornices. We continued our course by the foot of the mountains, until the columns and architecture ended, and we saw only gigantic walls built of enormous stones, and almost all bearing traces of sculpture:—these are the wrecks of another age, and were employed at a subsequent but now remote period for the erection of the temples at present lying in ruins.

(To be continued.) 285

Notes of a Reader.

ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.

(From the *Spectator*, Sept. 6.)

A TWOFOLD curiosity, to see once more that noble pile of Elizabethan architecture, Hatfield House, and the fine pictures it contains, and to view St. Alban's Abbey since it has been restored, led us to visit this part of Hertfordshire the other day. It is a fine, open, corn country, prettily wooded; and the golden stubble-fields, burnished with a bright sun, made a splendid setting for the rich, deep, emerald green of the foliage, fresh and sparkling after a welcome shower.

The low, square tower of the old Abbey Church of St. Alban's, crowning the long length of its elevation, bore no traces of recent renovation, as it stood up in bold relief against the almost cloudless blue of a serene and glowing evening. Excepting the great western window, which is new and as yet incomplete, and one or two windows of the chancel, the exterior looked as grey and venerable as ever; for the Ladye Chapel, whose exterior has been completely renovated,

(these Ladye Chapels seem pet favourites with the Restorers,) is not visible till a near approach; and the millions of the new window of the south transept have been speckled to harmonize with the weather-stains of the old stone-work. Restoring is a needful task; but the work of the mason's chisel is harsh and crude beside the crumbling touch of time—one can't think of an old abbey as having been new. The glazing of the range of upper windows, which Mr. Cottingham unbricked, in the nave, relieves the monotonous aspect of its long, blank, brick wall, unbroken by buttress or pinnacle, and gives completeness to the design. The effect of this restoration is still more strikingly evident in the interior: the flood of light thus let in giving air and spaciousness to the lofty and elegant proportions of the clustered columns and Gothic arches, and bringing out the rich decorations of the upper range of arches.

On approaching the choir up the nave from the west door, the character of the architecture becomes changed from Gothic to Saxon, in which style this, the central and oldest part of the church, is erected. The tower is supported on four plain, round-headed arches springing from massive, square pillars. The new window in the south transept is tastefully enriched by the shields, emblazoned in the old fashion of stained glass, of the king and the principal promoters of the restoration of the building. The ceiling of the tower has been painted on wood, to correspond with that of the nave. The superb altar-screen was lighted up by the rays of the setting sun, showing to beautiful advantage the rich fretwork of its numerous canopied niches. The carving of this and the less magnificent screen that divides the choir from the nave, and the enrichments of the tombs on each side of the altar, are of the most exquisite kind, and mostly in fine preservation. It is curious to observe how the quaint and grotesque fancies of the ornaments are subdued to what may be termed a classic elegance of arrangement in the general effect. It only wanted a stained glass window to fling ethereal hues, like "atoms of the rainbow," over its incrusted surface, and give appropriate splendour to the "dim, religious light." We lingered in the dim and silent aisles—the very stillness seeming to breed a stir—and prowled round its venerable walls till evening closed; fancying every now and then the shadowy form of one of the old monks threading his perilous way along the narrow, open passages leading along the upper range of arches, or creeping noiselessly under the cloister beneath.

The celebrated Homosopathie, Dr. Hahnemann, has just been authorized by the French government to practise in Paris.

The Gatherer.

Epitaph in Hampshire.

Here lies poor Teddy;
Death took him hand, and said he,
Oh! oh! John.

The late summer reminds one of Dryden's lines to a dyed garment:
Our summer such a russet livery wears,
As in a garment often dyed appears.

Dough.—(Dryden.)

When the gods moulded up the paste of man,
Some of their dough was left upon their hands,
For want of souls: and so they made Egyptians.
Strong virtue, like strong nature, struggles still,
Exerts itself, and then throws off the ill.—*Dryden.*

Taxes.—(To any Chancellor of the Exchequer.)

Impose; but use your power of taxing well;
When subjects cannot pay, they soon rebel.

Dryden.

What precious drops are those
Which silently each other's drops pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew.—*Ib.*

Friendship and Love.—(Dryden.)

That friendship, which from wither'd love does shoot,
Like the faint herbage on a rock, wants root;
Love is a tender amity, resolv'd:
Grafted on friendship, it exalts the kind;
But when the graft no longer does remain,
The dull stock lives; but never bears again.

Origin of Family Coats of Arms.—Though the use of arms is very ancient, yet they did not become hereditary till the Crusades, when the Crusaders invented them to distinguish themselves in battle. They were, at first, only particular marks or colours, which they put upon their bucklers, coats of arms, banners, the trappings of their horses; and whole families adopted them, no doubt, to make it known that they belonged to conquerors; but these marks did not become hereditary till the age of Louis IX., towards the year 1230.

Macaroons.—These delicious sweetmeats are many hundred years old; for we find them referred to as a kind of delicate sweetmeat, placed before hermits by hospitable persons.

Solitude.—Chetwood, in Buckinghamshire, was formerly called a hermitage, purely upon account of its solitude, for no hermit ever occupied the spot.

To disfigure the noses of statues has been an almost universal barbarous custom throughout the kingdom, for many ages past.

Blacking. is first mentioned in the sixteenth century. We then hear of "a pair of pumps with a cross, cut at the toes for corns, not nuse indeed, but cleanly blakt with soot, and shining like a shoeing horn." Blacking was, probably, brought from Italy: for, it is said, that the shoes of the Neapolitan factors upon the exchange in London shone with blacking.

Stablemen.—Monks were formerly good stablemen. We read of the stable for the

guests at St. Alban's, which was so large as to contain nearly 300 horses, which animals the monks kept in excellent condition: it had a lamp burning in it all night.

Granges were the farms and abbatial residences of our ancestors, and parks were often annexed to them. Thus, we have the Grange Road, named from the Graunge of the Abbey of Bermondsey, Southwark.

The Arts.—The key of everything is in India; the generation of ideas and of arts appears to me to go back there: they created Assyria, Chaldea, Mesopotamia, Syria; the great cities of the desert, as Balbec; then Egypt, then the islands of Crete and Cyprus, then Etruria, then Rome; then night came on, and Christianity, cradled at first by the Platonic philosophy, and afterwards by the barbarous ignorance of the middle ages, gave birth to our civilization and our modern arts. We are young—we are hardly arrived at the age of virility. A new creation of ideas, of social forms, and of arts, will, probably, arise before many ages, out of the grand ruin of the middle age, which we ourselves are in. One feels that the moral world is big with fruits, which it will produce in convulsions and in grief. Original ideas, multiplied by the press, convey discussion, criticism, and examination, everywhere; and, by directing the light of intelligence to every point of fact or of speculation in the world, will lead on, invincibly, to the age of reason.—*De Lamartine.*

Damascus Blades.—The fabrication of these celebrated sabres, if ever it existed in Damascus, is completely lost and forgotten: none are produced now but of the commonest temper; and one only meets with old weapons, good for little, at the armourers' shops. M. de Lamartine in vain sought for a sabre or poniard of the valued ancient temper. Such sabres are, however, occasionally brought from Khorassan, a province of Persia—but even then they are no longer fabricated. A certain number exists, which pass from owner to owner, like precious reliques, and which are of inestimable value. The blade of one which was presented to M. de Lamartine cost the Pacha 5,000 piastres, about 63L. The Turks and Arabs, who estimate these blades more highly than diamonds, would give all they had in the world for such a weapon. Their looks sparkled with enthusiasm and delight when they saw M. de Lamartine's blade, and the expression upon their features amounted almost to adoration of so perfect an instrument of death.

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